

Desert Mother

Over your duned
Belly the high wind
Shifts your birth scars.
A pattern for each
Monster you have
Borne in your sand cracked
Womb and lost to the
Mountains. Old mother,
Your Monster sons
Sit high in the
Mountain passes crying and
Dreaming of a
Warm dry place,
But cannot come as
Men, and cannot come as
Sons.

mobile alabama

after the bridge sky
metallic red
dumped on the cardboard hills
among celluloid
smells
papering the air
with slate
grey smoke
patterned with the scent of
coal gas

smoke stacks out of
windows are the
latest for southern mansions

buy dixie burgers
in the red hills

— Don Gray

Stockton, California